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SHAKSPEARE; HIS LEARNING AND ART.

It is hard for our age, which, better than any preceding one, has sounded the depths and determined the character and direction of Shakspeare's genius, to credit his ignorance of much that is now regarded as essential to an ordinary education. But the external evidence, as accumulated by the learned, and the internal evidence, as open to us all, leave no longer any doubt of his "small Latin and less Greek." Although, as almost always happens when antiquarian investigation becomes the instrument of proof, the question at issue is carried to extremes by the parties engaged in its discussion; and so, many commentators on Shakspeare, blinded by zeal in establishing their own positions, have considered him far more ignorant than he really was. But in regarding his Learning, we must recollect that words to a great degree take their signification from the age in which they are used, and that the meaning of a word, like the flow of a stream, often expands to a river, or narrows to a rivulet in its course through the ages.

In this day, when Science "reaches forth her arm to feel from world to world," and the mysteries of faith and morality are sufficiently revealed to modify or destroy speculation, and when,

consequently, that of the philosophy of Nature is substituted for, the metaphysical unknown, the term "learning" is far from being limited to any acquaintance, however perfect, with the Languages of Greece and Rome. But in the time of Shakspeare, the clouds of the Middle Night were just breaking away, and disclosing far back in the land of the Past the beauties of the Grecian and Roman Worlds. Men began to seek vigorously an acquaintance with the wisdom of Antiquity in some of its higher and more general forms, as the intricacies of the old philosophy, the mysteries of departed faiths, or the utterances of the primitive Muse. Elizabeth, to a knowledge of Legislation, added a singular versatility in the Classics. And as the weather-cock of fashion began to turn, courtly dames and blooming maidens began to pallor their rosy checks beside the midnight taper in the acquisition of the ancient tongues. Even the country "court-comets" began to add to "King Charles' Golden Rules" and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," their former library, volumes of Catullus and Sophocles—the songs of the Blind Harper grew tame when compared with the flights of Pindar, and the barking of the badger-hound no longer thrilled with pleasure the studious English Gentleman. On the other hand, Science was only *beginning* to advance during the particular period of Shakspeare's life, and had not yet attracted the wonder of the world.

That Shakspeare was termed ignorant becomes therefore a matter of easy explanation. Poor Will, alas! while he could read the human heart, was unable to translate the history of Cæsar, or to uncover the meaning of Anacreon. Circumstances had forced from his grasp many things held precious by his contemporaries. But let us not receive too biased an impression of his ignorance. He could, doubtless, with the aid of a lexicon, wade through any amount of classical lore, and his acquaintance with modern languages was by no means insignificant. With English Literature he was of course accurately conversant, and Sidney, Spenser and Bacon were exhaustless mines. But especially was he versed in foreign literature by means of translations. Fairfax had given to English readers the beauties of Tasso, and his favo-

rite Plutarch came to him through the French. "Chemistry, mechanics, manufactures, moral and political economy" were growing into power. Astronomy was being new-modelled in the hands of Galileo, and Kepler was building theories in Germany. Shakspeare had thus many resources within his power, and if we add to a knowledge of these his almost intuitive perceptions of individual and national character, and those countless and multi-form truths which he knew as the prerogative of his genius, he will no longer appear as an unlettered and *barbarous* stage-player. For only those who behold Antiquity from behind the artificial refinements of their own age, who base their claim to modesty upon the extent to which they decry all former ages as uncivilized, and who behold no virtue in rugged, manful homeliness, have ever contemptuously condemned Shakspeare and his age as "barbarous."

But have we not reason to thank the Disposer of events that Shakspeare was preserved from the tendencies of his age; that his father was a wool-dealer, and he himself compelled to be an attorney's clerk; that he passed but little beyond the *Rudimenta Grammatica* and *Elizabetta* in the study of the ancients? Says Sir Wm. Temple, "who can tell whether learning may not even weaken invention in a man who has great advantages from nature and birth; whether the weight and number of so many men's thoughts and notions may not suppress his own, or hinder the motion and agitation of them, from which all invention arises?"

But there is a serious result usually attendant upon the admission, to the extent above mentioned, of the illiteracy of Shakspeare. Many have judged him to possess no idea of Art, but only to obey his high instincts, as a horse his natural appetites, totally unconscious of his powers. True it is that he is the most original writer in the world, that "he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature," but we must not suppose that the Oriental were the only admissible and possible forms of Art. For as the old Art was ideal, and as Shakspeare's productions are so purely natural, it is easy to lose all idea of Art in its extreme perfection. Even when he ascends to the invisible and supernat-

ural world (where he is *seemingly* more artistic), his analogy to the present state of things is so accurate and complete that he seems to have inhabited, for a time, the world of spirits. How shall we explain this combination of Art and untutored genius in Shakspeare? There are some men whose intuitions are laws for all time. With the admission of the divinity of his genius, must be coupled of *necessity*, the co-existence of a sublime sense of Art which pervaded and controlled his spirit. By the very necessities of human progress, there must be some age from which shall spring a Pallas whose uplifted finger shall warn or direct the future, or who shall stand "like a statue solid set," before his age, the embodiment of a heaven-descended truth.

Though the hours of Shakspeare were not consumed in exploring and disinterring the wisdom of the old world, his genius was by no means a wild bird, *restless* on every spray, breathing his "native wood-notes wild," in sweet ignorance of the entrancing melody of his out-poured spirit. Can we admit his exquisite and comprehensive knowledge of the human heart, and declare him dead to the existence of that Power which he ever used in disclosing it? Can the architect of beautiful temples be without the constructive power requisite to the result? It is an inexplicable paradox, that the creator of him whose spirit smote his fate as with the broken wings of an eagle, the desolate Lear, or of the Lady Macbeth, in whose bosom arose the embodiment of a fiendish ambition like a vast pyramidal monument, in whose solid depths far below was buried her last emotion of religious power, the last priest that had ministered at the altar of her holiness, *that he* should lack that which is the very quintessence of these characters. How easily on this broad ground, that everything subserved to produce an artistic unity, can we not only explain away, but perceive beauty in, those numerous inaccuracies so often advanced to prove his ignorance. His brothers of the stage used to say that Shakspeare "never made a blot." This expression is well worthy a deeper meaning. He carved from the living rock and was governed by instinctively cognized laws of beauty and perfection, which enabled him to conceive beforehand the

very lineaments he was about to vivify. And how far is this from that unpremeditated creation which stands in direct contrast to Art! Yes, the mind and soul of Shakspeare were alive with Art, true and lofty, as original as it was profound, which no Grecian in his most supernal moods could ever have conceived. Hear Schlegel: "the Pantheon is not more different from Westminster Abbey or the Church of St. Stephen at Vienna, than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a drama of Shakspeare. But does our admiration of the one compel us to depreciate the other? May we not admit that each is great and admirable in its kind, although the one is, and is meant to be, different from the other?"

In the gallery of Shaksperian Art, we do not find a succession of presentations, touched and finished to a scrupulous nicety, not mere cold "dead perfections;" "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," gazing upon the spectator from their polished aeroliths with looks of self-complacent, self-infolded divinity, whose silent "repose has "the least little delicate" cast of contempt for humanity; but we find men like ourselves, whose very forms and uncovered frailties enlist our sympathies, whose trailing robes bear stains from the mire of this world, and whose air of divinity breathes *through* that of fallen humanity.

He does not surpass nature by ascending to a higher order of creations, but by intensifying, and deepening her wonted lineaments to such a degree, that while she owns them as her children, she shrinks back in holy horror as from an Iago, or admires with parental joy as a Cordelia. Shakspeare was the type of that great principle which refuses to bow knee to the Baal of Antiquity. In the hands of Providence he taught the coming ages that "merit lives from man to man," and not from man to the Past. Without the strong arm and lusty sinews of Shakspeare battling back the billows, the tides of taste and feeling that were setting in upon the English mind from the seas of ancient lore would have swept away all originality and individuality from the English drama. That period in the progress of the human mind would have been but a feeble revivification of an anterior one.

The pillars of Hercules planted by Sophocles and *Æschylus* would have been regarded as the utmost boundary of the dramatic world. And no wonder: for the perfection of the old forms rendered superiority impossible and competition difficult. But Shakspeare, unwittingly perhaps, cut a new channel, in which the impetuosity of rising English genius might roll itself. To suppose all this accomplished without the instrumentality of Art, is as preposterous and idle as that Athos was severed without steel or iron. Perhaps, indeed, the mysterious laws which govern the processes of Art are more impalpable in the reproduction of Nature than in the shaping of gorgeous ideals. How perfect is that Art, which, while its reality is indubitable, is denied to possess the qualities of Art! As the ages gather and thicken around us, and are piled like huge clouds against the sky of the Past, we can see them transformed to gold by the rays from the sun of Shakspeare. Let us then, with the growing spirit of our mother-age, regard that luminary, not as a shapeless fragment flung from central matter to wander lawlessly amid the spheres, but as a perfect globe, measured with the eternal compasses of the Almighty, "self-balanced on its centre," and revolving in musical harmony with its brother spheres around the throne of the Omnipotent.

THE NIGHT WIND.

I.

Hear the angry night-wind howl,
'Mong the branches of the trees,
Scattering far and wide the leaves,
In its pathway, as it flees.
Like some lost, despairing spirit,
Sad it wails among the pines,
Chanting wild its midnight death-song,
Written not in earthly lines.

II.

Then it rushes thro' the forest,
Like a proud, victorious king,
While the tree tops bow and bend low
'Neath its tempest sweeping wing.
'Gain it plays in gentle zephyrs,
Like the music of the Blest,
Rising slow in wildest cadence,
Floating from the Isles of Rest.

III.

* * * * *
Thus it is life's scenes are changing,
Like the breathings of the night,
'Till the Spirit passes Yonder,
'bove the reach of troubles' might.

W.

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ON THE INCONVENIENCE OF ATTENDING RECITATION.

Beyond all question, the greatest inconvenience to which College students are subjected, is that of attending recitation. If you want to do anything to promote your own happiness, or the happiness of anybody else; if you want to go anywhere to do somebody good or to get good for yourself, ten to one but you'll be prevented by the necessity of going to recitation—or to a more undesirable place, *the Doctor's office*. If you want to read a pleasant book, whether it be to delve into the abstrusities and wend your way through the labyrinthine entanglements of metaphysics, or to follow the dignified and stately step of the historian through his factitious narrative of the transactions of courts, and cabinets and diplomats, and of the actions of the battle field or naval conflict too often consequent upon them, or to pursue the fortunes of a favorite hero through the ever varying, changeful scenes of a choice romance, or to hasten over the pleasing creations of the poet's fancy, you are sure to have your equanimity

disturbed by harrassing thoughts of the approaching recitation. If you want to spend an hour in quiet musing, turning thought inward to look at self, and then letting memory revert to the varied events through which that self has passed, and which have made that self what it is, calling up pleasing images of what delights you have felt and what sorrows, thus producing that calm sadness which is so delightful to those who have felt it, you are sure to be interrupted in the midst of your silent reverie by the ringing of the recitation bell. If you want to while away a few fleeting moments in pleasant chit-chat with the friend of your bosom, or in more serious mood to consult about your own affairs or *your neighbors*, you are sure to be broken in upon by the entrance of an intruder, demanding a demonstration of 'this' problem in physics, or an explanation of 'this' point in metaphysics, or a translation of 'this' passage in the classics, thus reminding you that your own preparation is yet to make, and drawing your attention from the pleasures of social intercourse, and turning it to the hardly-to-be-avoided recitation. Mr. Deceitful Professoroffriendship and Mr. Wire-pulling Takeinthenewies and Mr. Conscientious Slanderer have had frequent occasion of late to indulge these thoughts—and more seriously than we were ever tempted to think them—by the termination which the necessity of going to recitation has sometimes, and the necessity of preparation often, put to the fond and familiar embraces to which those are lovingly subjected over whom they count it better than life's most precious blood to gain, forsooth! a *political* ascendancy. If you want to clothe the great thoughts which stir in your mind in 'swift-winged,' eternal words, or, as chance will have it, to hold communion sweet with dear, long absent friends, or mayhap to seek fame through the pages of the Nassau Lit., you are obliged to leave a sentence half-finished or an expression of some tender emotion, half uttered, to take care of itself. O, the inconvenience of being driven, 'like dumb cattle' to recitation.

What a welcome change passes over these feelings when another class of individuals fail to recite well—the opposite of friends. It produces a very ecstasy of delight, a "millenium in a

moment." Never do my feelings experience a more delightful change. As a sweet morsel do I roll the fizzle—what an appropriate name!—of such under my tongue. With what attentive ear do I catch every word, and how I gloat over a discovered mistake. My eyes flash with the very fire of concentrated joy. Every bone, every muscle, every nerve tingles with gladness. The blood courses more freely and joyously through my veins. Every lineament of my countenance is radiant with the newly experienced cause of rejoicing. O! I am elevated to the top-most pinnacle of delight's enchanting temple. Thus do I receive and thus take home to my bosom the rejoicing over a fallen foe. But, like the serpent in the fable, while that unhallowed feeling is there caressed and doated upon, it inserts poison through its venomous fangs and leaves sorrow and regret as the fruit of the uncharitable feelings indulged. O! the inconvenience of attending recitation.

To go back in the order of time a little, it is really amusing to see the various expedients resorted to for procuring text-books in any way but that which the exorbitant book seller across the way would pronounce legitimate—*id est*, purchasing from him on his own easy terms, namely, double price and five months credit.

For my own part, I am of such an intensely sympathetic temperament that I not unfrequently suffer the most excruciating torments on account of the 'fizzles'—very vulgarly so called—of my friends in recitation. If you could only see my shamefacedness and the blushes that suffuse my countenance and the twistings and turnings of the limbs of my body even, and see me making every manifestation of regret and shame short of actual shedding of tears, you would account my friends very inconsiderate and unkind for not relieving me from this agony by more adequate preparation ever after. But instead of this, the more I suffer the worse they recite, until I verily believe a conspiracy exists by which I am to be robbed of my peace and happiness during the remainder of my years at College. I delight to give and receive sympathy, but when it is worse than thrown away, I've a right to regret the necessity that extorts it from me,

and to utter complaints against that grievous institution, the recitation, which is the means of bringing upon me such a sad inconvenience.

But sympathy never runs wild upon a matter we have no personal feelings about, and I may as well confess, therefore, that all this sympathy for the failures of others has a beginning at my own shortcomings in this respect. How focalized are all the vain regrets I indulge for others, how concentrated upon myself. What upbraidings my conscience administers, what palliations do I suppose my classmates will conceive of my own insufficient preparation, what good resolutions do I form for the future—to be broken how readily!

Tattered and torn, and mutilated by knife or scissors (for what purpose the latter, who can't tell?) and rendered rather of the uncleanliest by contact with every species of impurity which can render them more fit for the catalogue of totally insufferable abominations in the eyes of their *pro. tem.* owners, a great many text-books have been discovered by most persistent rummaging among the rubbish of some melancholy grand uncle's attic; some have been abstracted from the libraries unbeknown to those in charge, and (shades of Bodley protect us from such consummate folly!) some have been bought anew on the terms aforesaid. O! the annoying inconvenience of making preparation to prepare for recitation.

There's no little enjoyment derivable from witnessing the ingenuous devices adopted for catching a glimpse of the unstudied text during the progress of the recitation. One thus unprepared considers himself happiest of mortals, most favored of Jove—if he can secure a seat behind a huge supporting post, or in the rear of his six-foot-seven friend. See that visible chuckle, that glance of the eye expressive of the advantage he has gained, the confidence with which he anticipates his turn to recite, and think of the great broad laugh he is enjoying in his sleeve. Most detestable of all—but I won't grow envious here, though how such feelings do rise and swell and almost overflow when I witness such success in practising upon the credulity of one's instructor—at

my expense. What an inconvenience are these very improper and blameable feelings, and all arising from the present inefficiency of police regulations in the recitation room.

From this it will be seen, that I can never get a protector behind which to practice this illicit, though most agreeable and easy, mode of preparing a recitation. Nor—thanks to the architect for the very sparing hand with which he has constructed ornamental posts in the recitation rooms—can everybody else. But they do assume some of the queerest postures, now raising their heels higher than their heads, now dropping their heads between their knees and all the while contriving most dexterously and curiously and successfully to keep concealed their open text-books. It's far more entertaining than the prettiest raree show I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. And are such last resorts convenient? O, who can calculate or who endure the inconveniences of attending recitation?

Seriously, however, recitations are not the worst—hark! *ding-dong!* your imagination, reader, must be left to complete the idea which, half-uttered, we are inconveniently called from by the ringing of the recitation bell.



FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

From out the distant future, golden dark,
Or twilight future, we, O! we shall see
Each other still, at honored Nassau Hall.
Though scattered far in native land, or where
Fair morning blushes deep in eastern light,
Or Amazona rolls his gilded waves,
And whether celibate, with care-worn cheek,
And locks of silver straggling o'er the brow;
Or blest with *other selves*, like fruitful vines
Beside our house, and sweet-faced children, mild
As olive plants around our tables; still,
O! still we'll see each other buoyant here

With young life's hopes, at dear old Nassau Hall :
For *memory-pictures* never change—of past
Immortal days, how many a change soe'er
May waft the pictured coming future o'er.
And change on change, like leaf of autumn close,
On leaf of autumn all in crimson, green,
And gold, may rustle on the breath of Heaven
Through all our coming future. Some, perhaps,
May dream of honored distant days; yet friends
May scatter flowers wet with vernal dews,
Upon their early grave. And some, perhaps,
May look, like morning vapor, soon to greet
The skies, yet these, leaned trembling on their staff,
May listen grateful to the pious fame
Of childrens' children, and perhaps may see
The grand-sons e'en of these. And some may dream
Of friends like angels round them evermore;
Yet these may perish, friendless and unwept,
Far off upon the seas, or die unknown
In land of strangers. Still, yet still, till end
Of our last day, as eyes of thousand friends
Though severed far, are turned at once to one
Fair wonder in the skies, shall we, though far
Remote and scattered wide, our memories turn,
And see at once each other here, *all bright*
With young life's hopes at dear old Nassau Hall!

O.

MEMORY.

The pleasures of memory are as lasting and as varied as those resulting from the exercise of any faculty of man. Its well loved office is to record, and keep ever fresh the events of daily intercourse between man and man, the deeper, purer realities of that inner life of which all are conscious, and thus the pleasure flowing from this record oft reviewed, unites and consolidates in one great whole, these countless pleasures that are past. When traversing the well-worn paths of memory, and musing on the golden days

of childhood, we approach the realization of unuttered dreams of years ago, and obtain at least an approximate conception of the tangible joys of futurity. And the pleasures of memory, depending as they do for their existence on the life of the individual man, we may all secure to ourselves, an unfailing source of present joy; a hidden spring of unceasing future delight. He who has lived a life of strict integrity and of unbending firmness; who has conducted his dealings with his fellow men by the "golden rule," when he looks back upon the boundless expanse of the past, can gaze upon the tranquil sea of memory, lighted by the rays of spotless virtue; whose placid surface is never ruffled but by the gentle winds of love and peace, and whose sparkling waters show far down in their depths, the gleaming pearls of kind deeds and noble acts. He may almost think that he has reached those pure and ethereal joys, the attainment of which has been the problem of his life, and though his pleasure may be chequered by an occasional glimpse of grief, 'twill be sorrow softened till it almost pleases. In this he recognizes the hand of Omnipotence. 'Tis this that gives to all a deep and earnest glow, and purifies and refines what might else be more deeply tinged with human frailty.

But memory is not a dreary blank, and if it be not the source of pleasure, what is its legitimate fruit? We answer, sorrow clothed in every garb, and bitter pain in every form. He whose life has spent itself without a steady aim, who lacks the Christian spirit and high resolve which characterise the true man, and who at last, is content to "shuffle off this mortal coil" and go he knows not where,—such a man will shudder as he turns in sinking age, and beholds the stormy deep of memory lashed by the rude blasts of vice and passion, and darkened by the lowering clouds of despair, while ever and anon the angry waves cast up upon the rugged shore the days and years, which though long past, live again in the stings of conscience. But let us now consider the pleasures of memory alone, forgetting as far as may be the sad reality that it is too often productive of pain. To every one justly constituted, the pleasures of memory are preëminently the pleasures of life. Just as from experience we glean the greater part of all our-

knowledge, as all knowledge leads back to experience, so most of our pleasures are derived from memory, and all past joys can be again revived by appealing to memory. And not only are they revived in the work of memory true to their individuality, but a new charm is added. We see them, not alone as at first, but encircled by other hallowed memories called forth by these, and in turn waking from the shadowy tomb a ceaseless train of consecrated images. When memory lifts the sombre veil which years have pressed on perished joys, a picture is before us so fair that we are almost enchanted. Some master hand has spread upon the canvass the living colors that delight the eye, and nature herself has so blended light and shade that we recur to the sweet delusive mythology of old, and create anew its Elysian fields. New beauties shine forth at every glance, and each moment we recognize a cherished dream, more dear when seen through memory's magic glass, and more hopeful when viewed through the shadowy mists of time. As the dying glories of the setting sun slowly fade in the summer twilight, only to be re-created on the morrow's eve, so the picture melts into soft obscurity, till Time has woven in its steady loom the canvass which nature paints anew; then it shines amid the gloom as bright, as beauteous as before.

Closely allied to Memory is Association, the source of innumerable feelings of pleasure and of pain. Without the one, the other could not exist. In Association, imagination's easy play perfects and moulds, to Fancy's shifting will, the pliant forms that memory has recovered. We gaze upon the spot where Carthage stood, and sigh that the wisdom and valor of her sons were powerless to avert her destruction. Memory brings before us in rapid succession a thousand pleasing incidents, and invests them with an interest undiminished by partiality and prejudice and softened by the obscurity in which they are enveloped. She pictures Regulus, torn from home and friends, and meeting with stern composure the death himself had chosen. She points to Marius sitting amid the cheerless ruins and weeping in despair. But the picture changes and is no longer a dreary waste. Asso-

ciation enters and connects the scene before us with the noblest and brightest periods of Carthaginian glory. 'Tis not a desolate ruin that we see; 'tis Carthage, the proud foe of imperial Rome: Carthage, whose dreaded name Hannibal bears over the known world; whose people bring their wealth and lives to the defence of their country, whose power is as boundless as their wealth. But we wake from this play of Fancy as from a romantic dream. The scene saddens as we gaze and memory sighs that such is life. Such are the countless pleasures of memory. Connecting all things in the past and present, it spreads a charm over all and surrounds them with the light of beauty. Let us then so live that when "memory strikes the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound," it may thrill our souls with that pure and lofty joy which alone is its proper emanation.

• • •

HOGI MOGI.

Oh, the rollicking times in this fine little College,
 Where we gain such abundance of nonsense and knowledge;
 Where we come full in pocket, but empty in letter,
 And plucked, go away much wiser and better,
 With the singing, carousing and well devised plot,
 Are almost forgotten, or—are they, or not?
 For new laws were made, that the morals demanded,
 And secret societies, all were disbanded;
 The students no longer could smoke at the gate,
 And the nuisance at once began to abate, (?)
 We were no longer loafing in crowds on the green,
 And never pitched pennies,—(that is to be seen;)
 No midnight re-echoed the sound of the horn,
 No wild serenade on the breezes was borne;
 The turkeys could roost undisturbed on the fence,
 And the owners awhile with their watchers dispense;
 No sign-boards, or gates, were piled in the street,
 And a wine party, roaming, you never could meet:
 At least so they say, who know all about it,
 And who out of College will venture to doubt it?

When our *head-bursting* study is over and done,
Oh who would deny us some innocent fun?
But alas! we all know that the good times are over, (?)
And their long-decayed relics 'twere hard to discover.
But yet, it is true, there was one pleasure left us,
Of our little black pipes they had not bereft us,
And when we were tired of smoking alone,
We sought out a friend who had lately "come down."
As *one* stranger to go, of course would be rude,
And presenting myself, one might seem to intrude,
Went twenty, or more, all friendly together,
At evening, of course, but in all sorts of weather;
With cloaks and huge hats, as a kind of protection,
And masks, as you know, to save the complexion.
With tobacco and pipes, too, for him we'd befriend,
Much more than were used in the time we could spend.
It is strange that so many it seemed to provoke,
For such numbers to come all together to smoke,
And that many, unused to such kindly attention,
Being suddenly ill, broke up the convention;
Yet, of course, when our host was thus impolite,
We left with regrets, and a hearty good night,
Merely asking his card, as a kind indication,
Lest some might suppose we had no invitation.
But ah! in those days our numbers were stronger,
Though the secrets now are hidden no longer:
And now, if you like, we will readily state
How a Newey we once did initiate.
At first, for a room, did we look about,
And a Freshman's chose, with the owner out:
A room, the lowest and poorest in College;
(Both terms will apply to the occupant's knowledge,)
The tables and chairs were against the wall,
A well formed throne, as a pyramid tall;
In front of these, for the neophyte made,
Was a three-legged chair, and, in white arrayed,
A ghost-made broom, to awaken fear,
An umbrella to swing for a chandelier;
Two swords of paper and a pistol of wood,
A pasteboard skull and vermillion blood;
Fifteen long beards, made of horses' tails,
And twenty-five horns for the funeral wails;
A pound of snuff and tobacco twist,
And a few little drugs, complete the list.
Through the city streets and the College ground
The blindfold Newey was led around,

Backwards and forwards, now here, now there,
 Until he was walking—he knew not where ;
 And then to the door of th' appointed room,
 With solemn tread in the silent gloom.
 The gentle knock, and the password then,
 And the door was opened and closed again ;
 Straight to the throne at once was led,
 Where the oath was taken and laws were read ;
 Then came the pipe, with the drugs and snuff,
 Till our chief declared he had smoked enough :
 On account of his feelings, unable to stand,
 He was kindly led to a chair at hand ;
 But oh, alas ! 'twas the three legged chair,
 And a tub of water was standing there.
 All dripping and wet, in profuse perspiration,
 With a few muttered curses as slight variation,
 (For the cure, by the way, a few drugs did avail,
 Judiciously mixed with a ride on a rail ;)
 Then he entered with zeal to the *Hogi* dance,
 (As old as the days of the " shield and the lance,")
 Whose principal beauty always consists
 In the number of turnings, and whirlings, and twists,
 Whose steps sounded loud on the thick-sanded floor,
 No two being like any two 'twere before.
 Next, the band on his eyes being carefully tied,
 We spotted his face like a zebra's hide.
 Through the window then, to the woods we allure him,
 "On the way to our lodge," his leader assured him ;
 Through fences, and briars, and low bush, and bramble,
 We hastily urged his unfortunate scramble ;
 His groans and lamentings all lost on the breeze,
 For nothing replied but the murmuring trees.
 Then back to the city we slowly returned,
 "Where his last defined duties were yet to be learned."
 To the lordliest mansion in town we then took him,
 And, ringing the bell, we gladly forsook him ;
 First telling him how, when the janitor came,
 The password to give ; his home and his name.
 We remember not now the cry that arose,
 When the light that was brought did th' intruder disclose ;
 But the door opened wide, and shut with a crash,
 And the unbandaged Newey was off like a flash ;
 We saw a dark form rush back in the night,
 Under fences and bushes, avoiding the light ;
 And the only word, through the darkness that rolled,
 Was the word, oft repeated, th' unfortunate "SOLD!"

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.

There is about true greatness—whether of the heart or intellect—a wonderful power to chasten the feelings and humble the spirit. We envy not that person, who can stand for a moment in the presence of a great man—as Daniel Webster—or a masterpiece of art—as Powers' Greek Slave—or pass in review, before his mental vision, the leaders of human thought, and not feel his passions stilled, his soul subdued by a power almost divine. This power is strongest when it comes over us by contemplation: for we are so constituted that, on the one hand, frequent contact with true greatness dims its brightness: while, on the other, by frequent contemplation it becomes more and more radiant; infuses its genial and heavenly rays into our very souls, and makes us

" Give the tribute, Glory need not ask."

We have been impressed, to a considerable extent, by the strength and glory of this power in the perusal of the writings of the noble man whose name we have placed at the head of this article. Mr. Wallace was born in Philadelphia in 1817, and died at Paris in 1852. His father, a gentleman of property and parts, carefully superintended his early education, and long before Wallace was old enough to enter college, he was thoroughly grounded in the preparatory studies. In his fifteenth year he entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained two years. He then became a member of the Junior Class in Nassau Hall, and of the American Whig Society. Here he attached himself particularly to mathematical studies, in which he attained a wonderful excellence. It is said of his recitations in this department, that they appeared more like lectures than recitations; so thorough, so complete was his knowledge of the subject. While he stood, confessedly, far above his fellows in his knowledge of mathematics, he had few, if any, superiors in the other studies of the course. His extraordinary attainments and talents were the wonder of all in the College. He was reserved in his manners, and associated but little with his fellow-students, who, judging from ex-

ternals (as happens in nine cases out of ten), called him proud and aristocratic, and therefore Wallace was unpopular—for which, no doubt, he was truly thankful. A mind so pure, thoughts so much engaged upon sublime subjects, could never give their possessor popularity (we use the word in its College sense.) His daily life was in a region upon whose shores, on account of their elevation, the waves of popular opinion never break. He was aristocratic and proud indeed: aristocratic, because of the world of intellect within, where myriads of angel forms and beautiful graces ministered purest joy, and over which he had complete control—proud because he felt himself immortal. This pride and this aristocracy never lead their possessor to despise, or hold in contempt the meanest thing that calls itself a man, but just the contrary. Accordingly we find Wallace holding this language in his "Sermon in a Garden": "We daily meet with those in whom the inner and diviner life of man is no more developed than is the eyelet in the stone dry bulb, or the yet ungreened bud upon the bush. Yet reverence mortality wherever it moves, and let the foot of scorn come never near to hurt the meanest of the manly race" His actions were in accordance with this noble sentiment. Kind, gentle and humane to all that bore the form, or used the speech of man, hating none, loving all, his heart's desire was, that the "manly race" should assume its proper dignity, and recognize, to the utmost, its grand destiny. We believe the world would be better off, if there were in it more of just such pride, of just such aristocracy. He was very irregular in his attendance upon college duties, absent from, oftener than present at, the lectures and recitations; and although such a course is detrimental to students generally, yet to him it was no loss. His love of study was so intense, his power of grasping and mastering principles so great, that when preparing his recitations, if the thought extended beyond recitation limits, he would follow it on, and sometimes go over the studies of the class for a month in advance. The rapidity with which he mastered the most abstruse principles, and the accuracy with which he unravelled the most intricate reasoning, are said—by one who often had the pleasure of studying with

him on such occasions—to have been most astonishing. He was not graduated with as high honors as he deserved, on account of the irregularities noticed above. After leaving College, he attended medical and chemical lectures for a short time, in Philadelphia, and then commenced the study of the law. This he pursued as he did everything else, earnestly, profoundly and philosophically. In 1849, he travelled over Europe, not as an idler, but like a true student, searching for knowledge. While in France, he became acquainted with the renowned Comte, of which more hereafter. He returned to this country in 1850, and set about writing a series of works on commercial and civil law; but losing his health, he had recourse once more to foreign travel. On November 13th, Wallace set sail, an invalid in search of health. We can imagine, but not express, his reflections, as he cast a last lingering look upon the land he loved so well. He arrived in England the latter part of the month, and in December went over to Paris. The change had not been beneficial, his health was not so good as when he left home, and he began to suffer from depression of spirits. Conscious of his approaching dissolution, "he wrote to the only surviving member of his family, to come out and take care of him, and three days after dispatching the letter suddenly expired." The news of his death—so unexpected—spread like an electric shock throughout the ranks of his friends and admirers; a sadness came over them, and each felt that he had lost a friend, and American Literature one of her most gifted and ardent worshippers. "When it was announced that one so variously endowed, so rich in learning, so vigorous in power of thought, so sincere in the sense of religious duty, and withal so young, was no more, it was felt that death had left a painful void, even by those who knew little of the man or his writings." Thus perished all that was mortal of Wallace. Cut down prematurely, the high hopes of his friends were blasted forever. It was as if a great commander, who had disciplined and arranged his troops, preparatory to a battle, which was to decide the fate of his country and also of his reputation, should die while the trumpets were sounding the attack. The world

would feel that he had been taken from deserved glory—so we feel in respect to Wallace. His life, up to within a few years of his death, had been one of preparation; the faculties of his powerful mind had been developed, his knowledge was extensive and accurate, and all had been disciplined and arranged with a view to undertaking something worthy of his capacities.

"His leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been!"

The only works to which Mr. Wallace put his name are of a legal character. Among these are "Notes to Smith's Leading Cases in Law," "White and Tudor's in Equity," and on "American Leading Cases," of which the highest authority of the American Bar has said: "there is not a remark in the whole body which does not show the mind of a lawyer, imbued with the spirit of the science, instinctively perceiving and observing all its limitations, its harmonies, its modulations, its discords, as a cultivated musical ear perceives, without an effort, what is congruous or incongruous in the harmonies of sound." But these notes do not come within the scope of our present purpose. We are willing to base his reputation upon the two volumes before us, viz: *Art-Scenery and other Papers*; and *Literary Criticisms*. The first of these volumes, as its name indicates, is devoted principally to a consideration of Art, its principles, the application of these principles, and their results. There are two essays on the principles of Art, entitled respectively, "Art an emanation of Religious Affection"; and "Art Symbolical, not Imitative." We have neither time nor space to enter into a critical analysis of the principles advocated. We can only say, in passing, that with most of them we agree, but with some we are forced to disagree. The third essay treats of the Law of Development of Gothic Architecture, in which he takes the ground that the Gothic worked itself out of the Romanesque, and we think conclusively proves it. In the fourth essay, he discusses the Principle of Beauty in Works of Art; this, however, is only a fragment. He then proceeds to

the application of these principles, for the purpose of verifying them, by a description of the Cathedrals of the Continent, and by remarks upon Painters. To show the ardor, enthusiasm, and earnestness with which he gave himself up to the study of Art, we quote from his remarks introductory to the description of the Cathedrals :

"To one who loves to view the works which serve as registers of man's nature and feelings in the past, no structures upon earth are more interesting than the Gothic Cathedrals of Europe. Shrines of the piety of the years that are gone! Vast as the enthusiasm of those who reared them! Soaring as their hopes! Solemn and beautiful, and eternal as the life they represent!"

His remarks upon the Painters are characterized by close observation and an almost intuitive discrimination of talents and worth. His opinion of the different Painters, and of their respective merits, are authoritative and most just. The papers which comprise this volume are the last of Wallace's productions, and they consequently evince more maturity of thought, as well as more extended research and observation; but in force and elegance of diction, in naturalness, significance and perspicuity of style, we think, they are not superior to his earlier efforts, contained in the *Literary Criticisms*, which we now proceed to notice.

In looking over this volume, our attention is first attracted by the variety of the subjects treated of, and upon a closer examination we find, although the subjects are so various—comprising in their multiform phases, literary, philosophical and political subjects—a vastness of comprehension, a profundity of thought, and a complete and accurate knowledge of the subject. In all we recognize the hand of a master, always above his subject, exhausting it, rather than being exhausted by it, and the impression forces itself upon us, without the aid of ratiocination, that the power of the author has not been tasked to its utmost.

Harmony enters largely into Mr. Wallace's style. His sentences fall upon the ear with all the effect of musical rhythm. In addition to this, there is a fervor and passion, producing those elo-

quent apostrophic bursts which are to be met with on nearly every page of his works, and which indicate the feeling as well as the thinking man. His style lies between the Cathedral style of Milton and Jeremy Taylor, and the lively grace and fancy of Irving. As a specimen of his style and manner of thinking generally, we quote the following. In his criticism of Fitz-Greene Halleck, speaking of poetry, he says:

“Whether this glorious child of heaven—majestic in exalting loveliness, unfolds her snowy robes upon the breezes of the evening, and, floating off from the earth, a re ascended goddess, smiles down upon us from the golden sky of Spenser’s imagination—or, whether, with Milton, she expands the soul into a vast and solemn Cathedral, in which every mortal thought, and sentiment, and sensibility, bows down in awe, while the sounding inspiration rolls along the columned roof, and swells through every aisle, and passage, and gallery of human consciousness—or, like Shakspeare, exhibits no picture to us, but the real earth, made glorious through the medium of intense imagination—or, with Dryden’s nervous hand, strikes from the lyre the ringing tones of manly sense and earnest passion—or, like Pope, masking divinity in the familiar and the mortal, and hiding celestial sensibilities beneath the lawn and velvet of a court costume, she fashions the heaven-shed essence of immortal truth into glittering shafts of wit, and uses the choicest pearls from the paradisal streams of inspiration, for missiles to assail the multitude—whether, in some one of these, or in yet another of her myriad guises, her presence enriches the breeze with fragrance, or makes golden the air of common thought and daily feeling—we claim an ability to know, and an inclination to acknowledge her, as the apparent deity and queen of human sensibility.” This has the ring of the true metal.

It is difficult to say in precisely what Mr. Wallace’s genius consists. This difficulty arises from the fact that he has left no continuous and sustained effort by which we might judge of his genius, and also because the essays in the volumes we have been considering are merely tentative: “the flights of a noble bird, for the first time essaying his own wings.” In his Notes alluded to

above, he exhibits the philosophic and logical mind, while in the volumes before us, Observation, Feeling and Imagination are the predominant faculties. He seemed to observe, feel and imagine at the same moment. As an illustration of his close observation, we would instance his essay on the Authorship of the Doctor. To him is due the credit of solving this puzzling enigma, and he did it in such a masterly manner that Dr. Shelton Mackenzie—no mean authority—said of it, “with the sole exception of Mr. Adolphus’s Letters to Richard Heber on the authorship of the Waverly Novels, it is the ablest, clearest, and most complete thing of the kind ever published.” And the author of the Doctor—Southey—was as curious to know the author of the essay as the public was to know the author of the Doctor. This essay was written when Wallace was in his nineteenth year.

Wallace’s sentences are replete with vigor and sentiment—full of that passion which elevates while it subdues. At times, he is a little profuse in his use of words; but it is a pardonable profuseness, for it bears the stamp of genius. But we leave the subject, feeling our incompetency to treat it as it deserves. We feel in reference to Wallace—“*Nil vulgare te dignum videri possit.*”

DO WE CARE?

For the loveliest flower in its radiance rare,
For the beauty of sea, and sky, and air,
For the blushing clouds round the couch of even,
For the starry folds of the banner of Heaven,
Loving, or fearing, in hope or despair,
We may teach our souls that we do not care.

Tearless, may look on the pallid cheek
Of high-souled poverty, suffering meek,
On the limbs convulsed, or the death-chilled bed,
On the spectred living, the ghastly dead,
On the freezing lips, too cold to speak,
And think, vain ones; to sigh is weak.

I *will not* care, it is often said,
 By the dying, and those who mourn the dead,
 But cans't thou mourner, tell me why,
 The midnight hears thy yearning cry?
 Why from the sleepless, painful bed,
 Does thy prayer arise till the night is sped?

I *do not* care, is it true indeed?
 That the heart is hardened and may not bleed,
 That thou dost not care for the mocking world,
 For the taunts, and jeers, upon thee hurled,
 Then art thou truly, strangely freed.
 Yet when thou wilt love, will come thy need.

But oh! 'tis a lesson hard to learn,
 For the spirit must bend, and the heart must burn,
 The ear grow dull to the pleading prayer,
 And the soul its own sad threatenings dare,
 Must learn to taunt, and angrily spurn,
 And feel, for itself there is no return.

Alas! how bitterly true it would seem,
 As our life scenes change, like a changing dream,
 If all we would seek for; strive for; dare;
 We had lavished on those who did not care,
 Whose love was but as the lightning's gleam,
 On the silver lake, or the rippling stream.

Shall we careless grow of sorrowing pain?
 Too soon may we lose what we never regain,
 Shall our hearts be all in selfishness rolled,
 The arrow of death shall pierce through the fold,
 Earnestly soon we may strive to regain,
 The love we had once, nor cared to retain.



THE LONELY POLLYWOG.

We have before us an anonymous, fragmentary tragedy, of such surpassing beauty and force of expression, as to cause us unfeigned sorrow, that it was never completed. Sufficient however is left whereby to form a connected outline of the whole. The author, from modesty, which is the prevailing characteristic of

men of genius, has thought fit to enshroud himself in obscurity and dying give no sign. We might, from the strong resemblance it bears to the productions of the "Avon Bard," give him the honor of its authorship, but appreciating his motives, in being silent on this point, we will follow the example of *his* biographers and suffer the fact to remain a mystery.

It bears the euphonious title of "The Lonely Pollywog of the Mill Pond, or the Sanguinary Tadpole." The location of the scene is left to the reader's or hearer's imagination, thereby doing away entirely with the anachronisms so often found in our dramatic poets. The characters of the play are,

TADPOLE WRIGGLE—the Lonely Pollywog, the hero, who is entirely devoted to the service of the lovely and accomplished Dora Mushead.

SANGUINETTO STAB-IN-THE-DARK—the mortal enemy and languishing rival of the Lonely Pollywog,—the ruffian of the play, doubly dyed in the blood of murdered innocents.

GREAT SCAMP—his faithful and unto-death-inseparable friend and whole-souled pitcher.

DORA MUSHEAD—the heroine and the point about which all the fearful interest in the Tragedy centers.

The green curtain, obedient to the bell, slowly rises. A scene of unmixed desolation and barren sterility meets the eye of the spectator. In the foreground, the ruins of a mill covered with moss and expiring tadpoles. Upon the half decayed remnant of the water wheel is seated a venerable bull frog, his aged eyes bedimmed with tears, mourning over the wrecks of a once populous country. The outlines of what had once been the boundaries of a mill pond are dimly descried through the misty darkness. The terrified moon has retired behind the black mass of clouds, which enshroud the earth in a funeral pall. On the right, vivid flashes of lightning illuminate objects earthly, only to render the gloom more intense by the contrast. All nature shudders as Stab-in-the-Dark steps upon the stage. After gazing around as "tho' on murderous thoughts intent," he strides to and fro, his hands crossed behind his back, his head sunk upon his bosom, engaged in deep and all-absorbing soliloquy.

San. "Ha! ha! ha! Methinks the moon behind yon murky cloud withholds her light—withholds her light? Ha! ha! why then methinks she something has to hold it with. Would she would let it drop, that it might grow so dark that we might say, you cannot see your hand before your face. I've got a deed to do no eye must see. The Lonely Pollywog too long has thrown his shadow 'cross my path, and he must be disposed of. The lovely Dora Mushead must be mine!"

We consider this the finest passage in the play. So natural and so well adapted to the character of the speaker! How much of meaning is embodied in every repetition of the ha! What dreadful picture of murder committed, in dark corners and out-of-the-way places, where no eye but one beheld it, does it not bring up before the imagination! And then what beauty and sublimity in the poetical imaging forth of his desires to the pale queen of night "that she would let drop her light, that it might grow so dark that we might say, you cannot see your hand before your face!" With what an appalling sound do the words "the hour of my revenge has come and it will be here anon," fall upon the ear, ringing as it does the death knell of the Lonely Pollywog. In fact, at this point, so intense and absorbing does the interest of the play become, that none but those of the most obtuse sensibilities could endure it, unless the author had here introduced Great Scamp, who by his dry mother wit and bright flashes of humor, relieves the high-wrought feelings of the audience. This transition, from elevated tragic effect to light and playful humor, is one of the most difficult achievements of the tragic muse, and the ease and rapidity with which it is here brought about testifies that the author had attained the highest principles of his art. In the conversation that ensues, the truth of the oft-repeated proverb that "there is honor among thieves," is satisfactorily evinced. By the law of the association of ideas, the trumpet tones proceeding from Great Scamp's nose, call up the image of his mother, and in the most pathetic manner, and by means of the most beautiful figures, he relates an incident of his youth. While walking near this spot upon which they are standing, his maternal's olfac-

tories were suddenly overwhelmed with a most pungent odor. Upon being interrogated, even though visions of spanking came up before his vivid imagination, to deter him from the performance of his duty, he declared his first murder in the destruction of his mother's darling tabby cat. Who can refrain from weeping in company with Great Scamp, at the recital, as he ejaculates,

G. S. No bore, no bore, it is too butch.

The scene changes. The domicile of the Pollywog is discovered embowered in the rushes. Upon the soft side of a hard oak plank, Pollywog is turning restlessly while he mutters in his sleep :

Poll Off, off, ye goblin fiend ! let go your gripe upon my abdomen. [Comes down to the footlights] Ha ! do I dream ? methought the spirits of my last night's supper came thronging round me, crying out for vengeance. Chickens boiled and fricasseed, aye, roasted too, opened their mouths and cackled at me threateningly. A round of cold corned beef sat on my chest, like to a weight of lead, and huge cucumbers reared their mammoth forms above my head. And then methought a wind arose and I was suddenly a keg of lager beer, tossed on Monongahela's treacherous waves, running dread risks of snags and riffles, till my bung came out.

Here we are again called upon to notice and admire the tact of the author. In the passage before us, and throughout the Drama, the personages introduced express themselves in words modified by their mode of life. We are here made acquainted with the fact that the Pollywog is an epicure, and although the avowed adorer of the lovely Dora, *will drink*. He talks like an epicure, he walks about like an epicure, and is subject to the same annoying dreams as men of that stamp. The metaphors he employs are all of the epicurean order. By the most vivid imagery he runs over the list of edibles he had consumed the evening before, showing a strong memory, graphic powers of narration, and above all, a most alarmingly great capacity for food.

Scene 3d.—Discloses a glen clothed in eternal darkness. A limpid, stagnant stream pouring over the edge but never reaching the bottom. Huge rhododendrons growing out of the granite

rocks, or rocks growing out of the rhododendrons, as may be best adapted to the position of the audience. The leaves are stirred only by the pinions of motionless ravens and harpies. A scream as of a strong man in his agony is heard, and Dora Mushead rushes upon the stage in a raging fever; her beautiful gray ringlets the sport of the winds; a linsey woolsey gown and check apron, high heeled pumps of white satin and black silk stockings on. She stares wildly and hopelessly around.

D. M. Ah let me go—the moon is round and fair, and by her light I'll wander forth to seek my Pollywog. Ha! where am I? All alone in the dark wood. Oh, heavens support me—I'm a helpless maid. If Sanguinetto now should be abroad, and meet me in this gloomy glen, I'd be past hope.

This passage is valuable as containing the first and last words of Dora Mushead. By these alone she will be remembered long after palaces, churches, &c., have crumbled into dust. In this delineation of her character the author has shown a true appreciation of woman's nature. He has sounded depths heretofore unattainable. He has thrown light into the dark labyrinths of her inner life, disclosing a mine of tenderness and affection never before discovered. In the passage before us, she exhibits the vehement passion and devotion, as well as the prematurely developed imagination of Juliet. Like her, though daring all for love, womanly timidity still shines forth as when the full consciousness of her situation bursting upon her mind she exclaims, "All alone in the dark woods!" and with a woman's faith she prays, O heavens support me, I'm a helpless maid!"

When Sanguinetto meets her, and his terrible ha! ha! ha! falls upon her affrighted ear, she does the only thing an unprotected female can do, shrieks and falls lifeless to the earth. The hard heart of Sanguinetto, as we might expect, is not disquieted within him upon beholding this scene of woe and affliction. Ruffian like, he claims her as his booty.

San. At last, my Dora Mushead, you are mine! I clasp thee in my arms, and never shalt thou from these arms depart; no, never! never! never! NEVER! NEVER MORE!!!

He attempts to run, but is hindered by the weighty form of his lovely burden. After stumbling over rocks, dashing through shrubbery, and beating out what little sense he possessed against a huge hollyhock, he is just on the point of hiding behind a currant bush, when the Lonely Pollywog, with fire-flashing eyes and awful mien, intercepts him.

Sam. Ha! 'tis he!

Poll. Ha! 'tis she!

G. S. Ha! 'tis hib!

Poll. Villian! (maliciously.)

G. S. Boy! (sarcastically.)

The Pollywog, fired with demoniac fury at the taunt, and also upon beholding his mistress carried off before his face,—alarmed with fears for her safety and his own, is suddenly transformed into a tiger.

Poll. "Let go that beauteous maid, whose pure and taper waist thy arm pollutes, and if thou art not coward, as thou art a knave, seize on thy sword and guard thyself; thy time has come!"

Pollywog, after expending his eloquence in vain, and feeling that the time for action has come, seizes his Dora by the pedal extremities, while Sanguinetto, like a ruffian as he is, as fully resolved not to give up his prey, catches her by the cervical vertebræ. A terrible trial of strength hereupon ensues, in the progress of which the lovely Dora is rent in twain. Dismayed at the awful spectacle, the now almost insane Pollywog cries out, "Ha! what hast thou done? Now, villain, draw thy sword!"

Sanguinetto, with the same ruffian indifference and revolting cruelty, answers,

Sam. "Come on, the *whole* or none! I'll ne'er contented be with half a maid!"

How like the true cavalier does the Pollywog reply:

Poll. "Aye, that's the word; the maid entire or none at all!"

They engage in fearful conflict, Sanguinetto's sword cuts deep gashes at every stroke, while the bowie knife of Pollywog draws forth the life torrent of Sanguinetto, which colors the leaves around with an ensanguined hue. Their jackets smoke. Each

particular hair stands on end. Their eyes hang out upon their cheeks. Their muscles are strained to their utmost tension. At length, by a skillful back-hand stroke, the knife of Pollywog reaches the heart of Sanguinetto, and with a fearful rolling of his eyes, and wagging of his tongue, he yields up the ghost. Great Scamp continues the conflict, but, fettered by a bad cold, which clogs his senses, he falls, another victim to the righteous indignation of Pollywog.

After a mute lamentation over the bodies, chaunted in Latin, he throws himself with convulsive energy upon the upper portion of Dora Mushead, and plunges a dagger into his heart. The Demon of the Mill Pond, with double rows of horns upon his head, and forked tail, breathing forth sulphurous vapor, is seen to ascend, clothed with lightning, and borne upon the back of a sea serpent. The glen, rocks, trees, birds, instruments of warfare, Sanguinetto, Pollywog, Great Scamp, Dora Mushead,

"all melt into air, into thin air,
And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

The curtain comes down to the tune of "Old Hundred." The call boy turns a double somerset and jumps down his own throat. The leader of the orchestra is struck lifeless by a sheet iron thunderbolt, while the stage manager is blinded by a flash of mock lightning. The news boys form a funeral procession in the pit, and, to the combined whistling,—imitations of the Calliope—by the whole corps, march out of the building.

THE DEAD.

Sweet is thy liquid voice, O Bell,
To the dead!
Soothing the air on whose pinions it floats
Far, far away,
Through the realms of day.
As the sunbeam dances, jewelled with mists!
Sweetest and wildest of harmonies
To the dead! To the dead!

And fair thy flower-wreathed brow, O Earth,
To the dead !
Low hushed is the pulse, to list to the toll
Of spirit-bells,
From which constant wells,
Mild music's earnest and tearful soul,
Waking her melodies, morn and eve,
For the dead ! For the dead !

Deepest and purest of Earth is the dream
Of the dead !
O'er life's dull languor it floats like a crown,
Star cinctured and gleaming
With radiance, seeming
To sink with the shadowy air, gliding down
From regions of spirit, an angel-crown
From the dead ! From the dead !

D.

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SOCRATES AS A PHILOSOPHER AND AS A MAN.

Many have been led to believe (and not, we think, without reason,) that the lover of truth has less cause for alarm in the prevalence of ignorance than in the sway of a crude and erroneous literature, with its attendant skepticism and consequent false philosophy. The age of Socrates cannot, indeed, be considered entirely uncultivated, nor unintellectual. Long years before his birth, the Grecian bards sang lays in honor of their favorite gods, and attempted to explain, by refined sophistry, the origin of the universe. The prose writers too, of a later period, by quaint precepts and symbolical fables, sought to enlighten and instruct the men of their day. Still, the times were degenerate. Error, unrebuked, stalked abroad, and but too successfully withstood the laudable efforts of the few philanthropists who alone resisted its progress. Men had been working for ages, but they groped in the dark. The objects of their studies were but indistinctly realized, and the true way of attaining to a knowledge of them

entirely unknown. Divinity, human nature and the great future, were still less easily grasped, and far less understood, than the dubious oracles of Apollo at Delphi. Moral obligation, man's duty to God and his fellows, might have been dreamed of, but were far from being realized.

When then, Socrates entered on public life, the prospects of amelioration were gloomy enough. Not only were the masses to be instructed in the very foundations of real knowledge, but the strongholds of error, invested with a seeming sacredness by the passage of centuries; the opinions transmitted from father to son, generation after generation,—these were to be removed and their effects overcome, before truth could flourish in its beauty and power. But his mighty spirit did not fail. Some men's capacities seem to enlarge as demands are made on them for extraordinary exertion. It was eminently so in the case of this great philosopher. He was great in himself, and of himself; isolated as it were, from the thoughts and feelings which actuated his contemporaries. It is no small matter for any man to equal, much more to outstrip, contemporary literature. Superior minds alone accomplish it. Had the philosopher lived several centuries later, when the doctrines he represented could number their advocates by scores, and when the human mind seemed to grasp with almost unnatural felicity those truths which the labors of ages had failed to unravel; or in that subsequent period when the light of revelation had infused its mollifying light into every difficulty, and presented to man his nature and his position with relation to God, we would still have been induced to gaze with admiration and awe, and note his name on the list of the wonderful of earth; but that any one at such a time should depart from the common mass and abjuring the tenets of the age, attain to an eminence from which to draw the chart for the future, and overshadow, by his own greatness, the acquisitions of the past,—this is so unlike nature, and averse to experience, that we are almost inclined to ascribe to him the attributes of a higher creation. "The colossal images of the Alps," says, an American critic, "are natural at sunrise: to produce them at midday would be the work of magic."

Modern critics are remarkably unanimous in regarding Socrates as the father as well as the prince of Grecian Philosophers; and although some of his theories are not such as those who live at this period of the world's history would desire to adopt, there could, perhaps, be few found to assert that ancient history afforded any equal before or superior after his own times. No one would claim for his judgments, we presume, absolute freedom from mistakes. This would be simply absurd. His philosophy was an admixture of truth and error; and until within a very recent period, no more than this could have been said of any existing system. The most exacting could not justly expect more than an approximation to truth, a preponderance on the side of right, and this, it must be acknowledged, the doctrines of Socrates afford. He deviated most from truth in maintaining the existence of inferior gods, and in avowing happiness to be the grand aim of life. The former of these fallacies was no doubt engendered by superstition; the latter, by that short sightedness inherent in every mortal as regards the perception of truth. He has moreover, been justly charged with a lack of systematic arrangement. Socrates found himself surprised at the amount of knowledge to be acquired. His mind, grasping truth after truth-eagerly traversed the field of science, fearing the meanwhile, lest some of the boundless good should be lost. His sphere was discovery, not arrangement. Perhaps he left the latter for his inferior contemporaries, reserving for himself that labor for which he alone was qualified. Or he may have been waiting for the ascertainment of more facts, in order to be able at length to present to the world one grand all-comprising science, perfectly symmetrical in every part. At all events, whatever his mistakes may have been, his first principles were *generally* correct. He believed in the immortality of the soul, and in the existence of one Supreme being, all-wise and entirely good, the framer and preserver of the Universe. To this one God were ascribed attributes and perfections which preceding theorists had divided among many; and what was this but taking the grand departing step from polytheism? Although his Deity did not agree with, it approxi-

mated to the God of Revelation. In it were at least united the two attributes of omnipotence and infinite goodness: attributes, before this, either divided among many or ascribed to none. He was unchanging and unchangable: not, like the ancient Saturn, liable sometimes to be hurled from his throne, but above all other "powers and dominions," knowing no greater than himself. His views concerning the immortality of the soul were as clear, perhaps, as the absence of Revelation would permit. The nature of the great hereafter was enveloped in inexplicable mystery, but its existence firmly believed. Socrates declared happiness to be the great aim of men; and all his actions bear testimony to his sincerity. His constant endeavor was consequently to infuse into other men's minds an idea of science, believing an acquaintance with this to lead most surely to life's great consummation. He continually discoursed on temperance, government, piety,—every thing, in fine, which seemed promotive of good; and (using in the mean while a diction at once so simple, concise and beautiful, as to have elicited the admiration of the first literary men of his times,) cast to the four winds the vague pretensions and theories of the Sophists. The philosopher aimed at first principles, and building on these the framework of his system, soon elevated it far beyond the ken of petty rivals beneath. Like a true scholar, he did not deign to embrace those fallacies which had deceived Greece, and, in fact, the world; but with that boldness characteristic of and peculiar to genius, rent asunder the veil of superstition and ignorance which had deprived men of knowledge for ages past, and permitted fair Science to dawn on those Eastern hills, and to lend enchantment to their least interesting scenes.

We know men by their fruits. What then must have been the character of Socrates? To those noble deeds, we cannot but attribute a noble author. The advocate of a moral standard so pure must have possessed an uncontaminated mind. His actions alone are ample in this day to screen him from every blasting calumny, and to draw from every lip a word of well-deserved praise. But the brilliancy of his character has more vouchers than the internal evidence of an exalted philosophy. History has

dedicated some of her most glowing pages to his pure genius. Eloquent pens, in ancient and modern times, have been wielded in his praise. Plato makes it an especial care to collect and preserve the evidences of his worth. Without doubt, he possessed that requisite of a good man, an honest heart; and, for aught known to the contrary, his moral character was exemplary. His aim was noble; nothing less was desired than an entire renovation of the morals of his times. This, he labored faithfully to introduce; how successfully, all the world knows. The sage's knowledge of human nature was profound. In the army; in the senate; as a common citizen, and as a philosopher, this estimable man sounded the characters and dispositions of the Grecian people. All Athens was his school. In the workshop, in the factory and by the wayside, his voice mingled with that of the multitude; seeking, by precept and by example, to give men a clear idea of right. But the noble Socrates had enemies:—as who has not? To assert, that a man is never abused, is almost equivalent to denying at once his worth. He was charged with corrupting the youth, and introducing new gods. The former of these was successfully rebutted in his defence before his judges. He never denied the latter; nor did the thing charged ever appear to him of a criminal nature. The fact that an intimacy formerly existed between himself and the tyrant Critias, afforded his accusers an other plausible pretext. These accusations were however merely formal. The hatred of enemies, and not any misdeed of his own, was the real cause of the philosopher's trial and death. His hatred of tyranny was deep seated, and he did not hesitate to avow it. Consequently, the friends of tyrants were his bitterest foes. He heartily despised ungrounded pretensions to knowledge, and was ever on the alert to expose the pretenders. This secured for him the dislike of that large class who delighted to style themselves "wise men." The same spirit which actuated his life pervaded his memorable defence on the occasion of his trial. His last declarations were those of love for God and for all mankind. He believed in the existence of a Divine Law, whose requirements were far more binding than those of any human statutes, and this it was his determination, even in death, to obey.

But innocence and integrity are, unfortunately, not always guarantees of safety. Neither the internal evidences of rectitude of sentiment exhibited in his teachings, nor the attestations of his best informed and most virtuous pupils, were sufficient to rescue Socrates from an untimely death. The testimony of perjured pettifoggers and devising politicians was allowed to overbalance and annul that of men whose integrity had been tested long and well. He was consequently tried and condemned to death, and soon after fell a victim to the unrighteous sentence. But even in death he was as firm as the eternal principles of right on which he stood. There was no yielding; no fear; not the slightest submission to wrong, although such submission might have saved him. He preferred an honorable death to an ignoble life. He died as he lived, and, than this, no higher tribute could be paid him.

In conclusion, Socrates was one of those men to whom eulogy seems applied in vain. The influence of his teachings has been felt, and felt for good, in all subsequent times. We are accustomed to consider him the originator, at least in great measure, of that Christian philosophy which is the badge of distinction and of the superiority of the present over the past. And although his motives were misconstrued while he lived, they are no longer questioned. The ocean waves sometimes run highest after the winds have ceased: so man's name and fame are often brightest after his earthly existence has sped. Though it was long before the philosopher's true worth was recognized, yet now how reverent and cordial is that recognition!

XAM.

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THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

Of all the influences which tend to mould the characters of nations and impart to different races their peculiar idiosyncrasies, that of poetry may be regarded as one of the most powerful. Possibly, in the later ages of poetry, its own character is in a measure de-

terminated by the state of the ethnical mind; but even this, we think, is not true in regard to the highest type of poetry; for it is emphatically the object and part of such always to influence mind, rather than to be influenced by it.

It would seem as if Providence had recognized this instrument of power in the supervision of nations; for it is noticeable that in the earlier ages of a nation, when as yet its character was peculiarly susceptible to all modifying impressions, poetic genius of the highest order has flourished, and been even more common than in later periods. And by poetry of the highest order, we are not to be understood as intending that merely which is critically the most exact and faultless. It may be modelled by the rules of the schools, or perhaps may proudly disregard their sapient dogmas, and flow forth in fullness of expression, knowing no law or restraint but its own innate sense of propriety and grace. But in so far as it faithfully represents and gives a living body to passion and emotion, and presents to the mind that which it recognizes as the true incarnation of these, in so far do we deem it worthy of the name of poetry.

And now, returning from this slight digression, we turn to history to seek for confirmation of the fact asserted. We find that Greece had her Homer and her Hesiod in her younger days, and in a later age an *Æschylus*, *Euripides* or *Sappho*.

And at Rome, Virgil and Horace meet the eye; and later still, as sent by God, arises the stern Juvenal, denouncing with fearful severity the vices and degradation of the falling city. We look at the other races of Europe, and see even in the darkness of the earliest ages, wandering poets, who, from hut to hut, sing in wild music the glories of their ancestors; the greatness of their gods.

But little of their work remains to us—yet we can perceive its nature and effects in the character of those who live where they sung. From the few fragments of their song that have floated down the stream of time to us, from those far distant years, we see that if they were deficient in the elegance and refinement of enlightened Rome and Greece, yet in rich splendor of imagery and sublimity of thought they must be acknowledged to have equalled their more illustrious rivals.

We know still less of the poetry of aboriginal America, but we can perceive from the wild plaint of song that ever and anon is borne to us upon the Western breeze, that even among them, in all their savage ignorance, the spirit of poetry has dwelt and has manifested itself in forms of surpassing beauty.

Nor can we omit to notice that poetry, most wonderful of all, where God himself spoke through the poet, and gave to a nation that which moulded them immediately, and ultimately shall mould the whole race of man. From the time that the triumphant song of Moses, resounding from the beetling cliffs of Atarah, lost itself in the waste wilderness before him, till the Jewish nation rose under the rule of its sweetest poet to the height of its wealth and glory; from the time that his song first filled with swelling melody that glorious temple, till the last lonely prophet stood and spoke in tones of thunder the denunciations of an angry God,—we cannot but notice how uniformly God conveyed his will to them in the most exalted poetry. Hence this very fact would afford abundant reason for believing that poetry has a certain power, superior to all else, since Infinite Wisdom chose this mode of manifesting itself to man. It was the will of God that his revealed will should finally shape the character of man and affect his destiny for eternity; and we cannot doubt that he chose the means best adapted to the end. And if in the greater this be true, we must believe it to be true as to the less. We must believe that Poetry has been ordained by God as the most mighty instrument in the formation of national character and accomplishment of national destiny.

And furthermore, it is manifest not only by what has been shown, but also by the nature of poetry itself, that its influence must be great. The exhibition of passion and feeling to man has no less power in moving and persuading him than the exercise of dispassionate reason, for by the mere subtleties of logic men may be convinced and silenced, but less often persuaded; but when emotion works with reason, and logical argument is urged home by passion, then error falls, and the truth receives power to enter, conquer and rule the heart. Poetry is the fit language of the

deepest emotion ; the natural expression of the highest passion. Now we know that feeling and emotion in one heart, expressed, will awaken similar emotions in another heart ; and, therefore, poetry being the expression of these, such as it exhibits will be reproduced, in some degree, in every soul to which the poet comes.

It would be interesting to trace at length the analogy between the characters of races and the poetry which has been most intimately connected with them ; we would find in this analogy a powerful argument.

Oriental poetry is rich in symbolic representation, attracting rather by its unrestrained luxuriance of expression than by depth and power of thought ; it is the language of the gentler emotions, affection and love ; the outbreathing of a spirit holding intimate communion with the gorgeous forms of life and beauty around it. The Eastern races are distinguished more by love of luxury and beauty than by the deeper and more intellectual emotions ; by delighting in imaginations of beauty and loveliness, and in the language of parable and metaphor. The Germans also, imaginative, dreamy, mystical, profound, have had their soul-life sustained by wild, mysterious poetry, the spirit of which yet remaining, haunting the ruined castle and the gloomy forest, so often startles us with its unearthly moaning or angelic burst of triumph. We feel, as we hear its voice, that there is a hidden depth of mystery within those words : it tells of mighty struggles, of an agonizing longing for a higher life. The heart is drawn out strangely toward the supernatural and incomprehensible, and would fain hold converse with those mystic beings we believe to dwell on earth, in air, in tarn or wold.

And by such song has the German mind been formed as it is—as it will probably remain forever. When the gloomy winter cast its mantle of deadness on the frozen land, the old baronial halls resounded half the night with noise of wassail cheer, and then at last the sobered groups would gather around the great crackling fire, and, in the rush of midnight, no sound save the sullen roar of the torrent, the wind sighing sadly around the

castle walls, or the distant howl of some hungry wolf, would the Minnesinger, in solemn verse, recount the fearful legend or thrill the soul with melancholy song, unearthly sad as the wail of a soul in pain. His song, sinking deep into the heart, would dwell there, imbuing it with its spirit, directing it in which path it was ordained to go; thus forming the spirit of the German after the image of its own. But it would be unnecessary to multiply examples which must present themselves so readily to all, proving so evidently how closely connected is national poetry with the nature of the national mind.

Nor by any further argument do we wish to present the subject; indeed so clear that arguing at all would almost seem unnecessary.

If then, poetry have such influence on the universal mind, it follows that it must in like manner affect the individual. There is, therefore, no way in which we may so much refine and elevate our minds as by frequent intercourse with the great masters of poetry. Let not the works of such merely adorn the library shelf, but by frequent perusal, let their spirit imbue the heart with the noble thoughts and feelings of which true poetry is ever the faithful representation.

Σ

A WORD ON THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE.

One day, about three centuries ago, when the old city of Antwerp was held by the Orange party, there were collected 10,000 people in the Place de Meer, ready to attack the stately citadel which was the last stronghold of Philip in that imperial town, and from whose tower, at that very moment, waved, as if in haughty defiance to the enthusiastic reformers, the flag of Spanish tyranny. The Protestants of Antwerp had seen their fellow citizens imprisoned in those dungeons; they had seen their ghastly corpses swinging from those battlements, and from those gates they had seen the brutal soldiery of Spain rush forth, murder

8,000 peaceable, innocent victims, stud their pavements with gold and carpet their streets with laces and silks. From that castle came the knives that had butchered women and children; from that castle came the torches which had ignited 500 marble palaces; which had fired the noblest cathedral in the world, and which had left of their proud Exchange, through whose arcades poured daily the wealth of the Indies, only a row of Gothic pillars. Nor did the Netherlanders hesitate long in their movements. Triumph followed the attack. The earnest and determined citizens worked heartily and well. The click of a thousand hammers was heard day and night until not one odious stone was left upon another of that bulwark of oppression. And a shapeless mass of ruins was the only landmark left to tell the tale of desperate work and persecuted men. For three hundred years, of all the skeptics who have lived; of all those who can see no good object in man's noblest actions, not one has yet been found who ever questioned the right, or blamed the conduct, of the Antwerp burghers in this transaction. All admit that the Netherlanders followed the first law of their nature, in defending their lives, their children and their homes. Yet such is the inconsistency of man, that when the little community of Staten Island rises in indignation and alarm, and destroys a few miserable Quarantine buildings, there are found those who denounce them as *rebels* and *Sepoys*.

In this age of boasted progress, when man's highest aim professes to be for the mitigation of human suffering and human woes; when "peace on earth and good will towards man" is the motto inscribed on the escutcheon of thousands; there are found those, professing "love to God and love to man," who would condemn the acts, as unlawful, by which men defend their lives and guard their homes. Because the Oranges tore down a citadel, which was the strong-hold of Spanish tyranny, to preserve their lives from Spanish butchers; *they* were justified, and rightly justified. But because the citizens of Staten Island have abated a nuisance; because *they* have razed a pest-house; because *they* have drained a second Avernian marsh, which sent forth inces-

santly its poisonous vapors, and because they have dared preserve their lives and the lives of their families, by breathing the pure air of heaven ; they are proclaimed as rebels, and an armed force is stationed at every door to awe them into subjection, as if bloody treason had raised her parricidal hand against the State. Because the Netherlanders preserved their lives from Spanish daggers, they are praised. Because the Staten Islanders preserved their lives from pestilence, they are condemned.

To prove the injustice of the proceedings of September 1st, there are some who talk learnedly of State laws and State rights, thereby showing their utter ignorance both of the laws of the land and the history of the Quarantine. Moreover, they say, "the Quarantine was placed there fifty-nine years ago, and the people built residences on Staten Island, knowing the danger fully: therefore, they must suffer from its proximity and die from its pestilence." To these we would say that, in 1779, the Quarantine was placed on Staten Island in direct opposition to the wishes of all the inhabitants. During the half century it has been there, infections have prevailed incessantly and with fatal effect. The ravages of the plague of 1856, when dead bodies were lying in every house for miles along the coast, are too fresh in the memory of all to be recalled. In consequence of these evils, the Legislature had twice decreed that it was inexpedient for this establishment to remain upon Staten Island, and that it must be removed. Either through mismanagement or neglect, these edicts were never enforced by the commissioners of the State. As the Legislature had decreed that the Quarantine should be removed, therefore, on Staten Island, it was no longer under the protection of the laws of New York. And the citizens who performed that duty which the agents of the State had neglected, though they deviated from the letter of the law, still did not infringe it ; and we will attempt hereafter to show that this deviation is excused by the power of another law, for, like the edicts of the Medes and Persians, our laws, though irrevocable in themselves, still are counteracted by others in certain circumstances.

As to the argument of the half century existence of the Quar-

antine in that place, and that the citizens were fully warned of the danger in coming to Staten Island, this may be answered by applying the same argument to analogous cases. For example: because a tyrant has reigned fifty years, therefore the people are wrong in rebelling; or because those people who settled Campania knew that the effluvia of lake Avernus sent forth deadly contagion therefore, they were unjustifiable in opening a canal to the ocean and converting a pestilential marsh into one of the fairest lakes that beautifies the face of the earth.

As to the deviation from the letter of that law which condemns mobs and prohibits vigilance committees, it is, as we have said before, counteracted by another statute which grants to each citizen of this land the power to protect himself and his property from evil. The anti-Quarantineers are excused, and fully excused, by this other and higher law; this law which every human court has sanctioned, and which no human tribunal has ever dared to contradict: it is the law, and the only law, which permits man to slay his fellow man; it is the great law of self-defence, written on the heart of man by the finger of the Creator himself. And it is the greatest boast of man, that he has not only received this Divine law, but, in individual cases, has fortified it by civil law, and sanctioned it by his approbation where nations are concerned. In this latter case, all history shows that mankind has applauded the conduct of those nations whose governments having become, either through weakness or corruption, incapable of protecting their lives and defending their property, have thrown off their allegiance and sought redress for grievances by destroying the corrupt administration. Yet nations can be excused for rebelling against unjust administrations, but communities cannot. If such reasoning were allowed, it would soon destroy that grand foundation of the logical science which is, that "whatever right is predicated of a class, the same right must be predicated of every species under that class."

Staten Island is a community. The United States are made up of such communities. Now suppose that England, to prevent infection from depopulating her shores, were by force to erect

plague hospitals and Quarantine establishments at every point on our coast, at the mouth of every river, on every fertile island and in the heart of every populous city. Would not the communities rise up and destroy them by force? And would we not judge it right? Then why can we not extend the same charity to the one community of Staten Island? She has been treated with injustice. The Quarantine was forced upon her in the name of the people, and her lands were seized by right of "eminent domain." Therefore she is, and ought to be, justified in the occurrence of the 1st of September, 1858. Driven from this ground, the only appeal of our opponents is to the sympathies and feelings; and here, too, they argue in an equally sophistical manner. They raise their hands towards heaven in horror, that men in this enlightened age should tear down with impious hands the refuge of suffering humanity—that so sacred an asylum should be destroyed; and they exclaim, in virtuous indignation, that even the most brutal soldiery, flushed with victory and mad with success, never desecrated the hosp'tals of the enemy. All this we admit. Setting aside all law and right; setting aside all examples, we must admit that hospitals and all asylums for the sick, are and should be held sacred. When such institutions, wherever they may be, are conducted on right principles and prosper, they are the proudest boast of a nation and will be the most glorious record in its history. Far be it from us to speak one word that would detract from the sanctity and inviolability of such asylums. Men may well point to the bright example of Him, who more than 18 centuries ago, prefaced and continued His career of goodness and glory by mitigating the sufferings of humanity. He cured the sick, healed the lame, gave speech to the dumb, sight to the blind, and they do well who follow His example. England may well be proud of her heroine in the Crimea, who labored as an angel of mercy in the pestilential wards of an army hospital, and those who follow the example of Florence Nightingale, merit a far brighter reward, and a far more enduring token of respect than those who wade to thrones through streams of tears and blood. But when these sacred asylums, these refuges of suffering hu-

manity are conducted in a way which contradicts the purpose for which they were intended; when they are made the medium through which pecuniary and sordid interest are advanced; when the pockets of their officers are lined with gold, and their graveyards are lined with corpses, then they lose the dignity and sanctity to which such institutions are entitled, and the world denounces them justly as impositions and nuisances. And as such they should be removed. Such was the case with the Quarantine establishment on Staten Island, which was conducted with far more regard to the princely revenues of the Health officers, than either to the comforts and conveniences of the sick within, or to the safety of the inhabitants without. To support this assertion, it is unnecessary to introduce here statistics of sickness and death. It is useless to tell how, when the scourge of yellow fever raged within those walls, minions of the establishment, still bearing the taint of that poisonous disease upon their persons, went forth and mingled with the unsuspecting inhabitants, bearing infection and death in their midst; how the invigorating sea-breeze as it swept over that inclosure, wafted, morning, noon and night, the deadly pestilence both to the palaces of the rich, and the cottages of the poor; and how the angel of death, floating upon the fumes of the Iron Seow, hovered over crowded ferry boats and busy piers.

We will not disgust the reader by repeating in detail the fact that, while relatives and friends were dying from the effect of this nuisance, while sickness was in every house and funerals filled every street; while the wail of the orphan and widow was heard at every step; and while no one could look to the cemetary without a sad thought of some departed friend, there are found those who think that the Staten Islanders should thank God, and bless the State, because the miserly interest and commercial greediness of New York city allowed them to breathe an atmosphere infected with the pestilences of their philanthropic institution.

“NARY BOUQUET.”

SONG.

Where have the mighty fled !
 The lords of spirit and the souls of song !
 For it doth seem to me
 That every godlike aspiration's dead !
 Earth has been chained too long ;
 Desiring now no longer to be free !

Where have the mighty fled ?
 The wrinkled ages smile at us in scorn !
 Each hag her distaff plies,
 Seeming to say " 'twere better to be dead,
 Or even not been born,
 Than that the soul should waste itself in sighs."

Where have the mighty fled ?
 Sad earth disowns a race degenerate !
 In sable garb and weeds
 She mourns her offspring in her first-born dead !
 Time may his hunger sate,
 On such as ne'er enacted god-like deeds !

Where have the mighty fled ?
 The marble pillars of their fame are here,
 And Time but whitens them !
 From clime to clime their genial thoughts have spread !
 All nations hold them dear ;
 Long life and glory to each noble theme !

Where have the mighty fled ?
 Their tuneful echoes cry from earth to God !
 It must and shall not be,
 For souls redeemed have with anguish bled,
 That we should hug the sod !
 Earth and her languages shall yet be free !

Where have the mighty fled ?
 Deep, deep inurne'd in the human heart,
 Their sad memories pure ;
 Tho' to the past indissolubly wed,
 Shall with each life drop start,
 Since age but hallows them and cries " endure !"

HERALDRY.

There was once an enthusiastic Dutchman, who in his work on Heraldry blazoned the coat-armor of Adam; and who asserted that since their mother, Eve, was an heiress, Cain and Abel bore their arms quarterly. Without going quite so far into the past, we may yet claim for Heraldry an origin far more remote, and an antiquity far greater than many or indeed most of the other arts.

By this term Heraldry, we do not mean exclusively the art of blazoning and marshalling coats-of-arms, but we mean that custom which has prevailed through nearly the whole world, and from the most remote ages, of individuals taking for themselves some device, to be their peculiar and distinctive badge.

Perhaps the earliest notice or mention that can be found of this, is in the Book of Numbers, 2d chapter, 2d verse: "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his *own standard*, with the *ensign of his father's house*;" and again in the 34th verse of the same chapter we read: "And the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded Moses; so they pitched by their standards, and so they set forward, every one after their families, according to the house of their fathers." From these passages we see that "ensigns" or "standards" not only belonged to the head of each family, but that they had already become hereditary.

In the "Seven against Thebes" of *Aeschylus* we find the herald describing the seven chiefs, by the devices upon their shields. Speaking of Capaneus, he says:

"On his proud shield portrayed, a naked man
Waves in his hand a blazing torch; beneath,
In golden letters, 'I will fire the city.'"

In the lines following those above quoted we find the devices of the other six captains described, some of these devices resembling modern Heraldry even more closely than the one already mentioned.

In Herodotus (Clio § 111) occurs the following passage: "Καὶ γὰρ ἐπὶ τὰ κράνεα λόφους ἐπιδιέσθαι. Καρπὸς ἐστι οἱ καταδεξαντες καὶ ἐπὶ τὰς ἀστιδας τὰ σημύγια τουέσθαι." For the Carians are

those who showed how to fasten crests upon the helmets, and to represent devices upon the shields. And in the same author (Calliope § 74) we read, “*ώς ἐστιν ἀσπεῖδος ἑφίσες ἐπισήμον αγκυραν.*” That upon the shield he bore an anchor, as a device. Both these passages go to prove that heraldic bearings were not uncommon, nay more, that they were even customary.

In Virgil, besides many similar ones, we meet with the following allusion, not only to a device but to an hereditary one.

“— et paucis comitate, **Cupavo**,
Cujus olorina surgunt de vertice pennæ,
Crimen amor vestrum, formæque insigne paternæ.

[Book X, line 186-88.]

“And brave Cupavo followed but by few,
Whose helm confessed the lineage of the man,
And bore with wings displayed a silver swan;
Love was the fault of his famed ancestry,
Whose forces and fortunes in his ensigns fly.”

But enough has been quoted to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt the great antiquity of Heraldry. Strange to say, however, it fell into almost entire disuse under the Roman republic and empire, the only remnant of it being in the “*imagines*,” or statues of their ancestors which the Roman patricians set up in their houses.

It was revived again about the fifth or sixth century after Christ; not, however, as might be supposed, among the more civilized and polished nations of that time, but among the most rude and among those most remote from civilization. The oldest coats-of-arms now extant date from about this time, and are found for the most part in wild, savage countries, such as the Highlands of Scotland, the middle of Ireland, and the more mountainous and uncivilized parts of Wales. Of this kind are the arms of the Campbells, Grahams or Graemes, Gordons, Dalziels, and of many other Scotch families. These arms were most commonly not assumed by the first who bore them, but were granted by the king or chieftain as a memorial of some remarkable exploit. The arms of the Dalziel family were granted by one of the ancient kings of Scotland to the founder of the family as a reward for his having entered the country of the Piets, and having cut down and borne away the body of a favorite of the king, whom they

had hung. The family bear, as their arms, to this day, a naked man.

However much arms may have been used in other countries, it is very certain that in England they were used but by few up to the Norman Conquest. At that time many new coats-of-arms were brought over, and with them many new charges. Among the latter were the nine honorable ordinaries, which seem to have had their origin among the Franks.

Still the number of those who bore arms was but small, consisting mainly of the nobler barons, who accompanied William, and of the descendants of the old Saxon monarchs. This number, however, steadily increased, and, at the time of the Crusades, was largely swelled by every one who had either made a pilgrimage to or fought in the Holy Land, assuming arms. Then many new bearings came into general use in coat-armor, as the escallop shell, mullet crescent and cross.

In many coats-of-arms of this period the exact deed for which they were assumed or granted, is set forth in the arms themselves, as in the case of the Douglas' family. One of their ancestors undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy City in company with King Robert of Scotland. The King fell sick and died on the journey, but first bound Sir James Douglas by an oath to carry his heart to Jerusalem. Sir James performed the vow he had made to the dying King, and on his return to his native land added to his arms, in memory of the deed, "a man's heart, ensigned with an imperial crown, proper."

About this time the frequent occurrence of jousts and tournaments, began to give laws and fixed rules to coat-armor, which before had been a mere matter of fancy to be assumed or changed at the pleasure of the bearer. Then too, helmets appear first to have surmounted the shields, and supporters to have been used for the first time.

Still the rules of heraldry were extremely rude and vague, and were left at the mercy of each Herald; nor was it, 'till the time of Richard the Third of England, that they were systematized, and that persons were appointed, who should enforce them, and

should assign arms to those wishing for them. King Richard instituted the Herald's College, consisting of thirteen persons, three Kings-of-Arms, six Heralds, and four Poursuivants. It was their duty to make visitations, and record the coats-of-arms as found in the different counties of the Kingdom.

At this point, Heraldry became what it is now, and its history ceases.

In this progressive country and in the present age of decrying and undervaluing whatever is old and venerable; and of total abolition of all old customs, Heraldry has but few admirers, and is little cared for. In point of utility it is of but small importance, but as an amusing, entertaining and instructive study, it is not without value.

GUILLIM.

Editor's Table.

Begging your pardon, Reader, have you ever formed a clear conception of an Editor's Table? We have, ourselves, often had occasion to remark, as a curious fact, that the portion of the Magazine thus headed is always the first to be read:—why, we cannot for the life of us tell, unless it is from a philosophic desire to have the worst over and be done with it. *Ours*, literally, would be impressive to any person unaccustomed to the sight. Imagine it to be small and square, covered with a most astonishing piece of goods, which, we have reason to believe, was red a few generations back, but which has been undergoing a slow but sure process of bleaching until it has attained its present indescribable color. Imagine this cloth to be completely hid under a pile of polyglot MSS., and the whole to be propped up by four delicate legs, and you may have a tolerably clear notion of an—Editor's Table. By far the most interesting feature of this useful piece of furniture is its heavy load of papers, all mutely—but how touchingly to an Editor of tender feelings—imploring to be transferred to the pages of *Maga*, which, we need not say, is but a modest way of asking to be immortalized. Our readers, we are confident, will not hesitate to accompany us through a brief investigation of the merits of several of the articles awaiting our perusal and our judgment. Quietly throwing under our old lounge a paper or two which a glance informs us contain the insane ravings of some under-classmen, suffering from the *Byron* and *Moore* fever—a disease as common among premature authors as the measles among infants—we take up what seems to be a treatise on *Etymology*—very heavy. Let the document

speak for itself. * * * * " Nowhere, throughout the wide domain of knowledge, are there so many mistakes prevalent as in Etymology. This, we cannot but believe, is owing, in a great measure, to the fact that until very recent times little attention was given to the history of words viewed in the light of their etymology, and then only as a learned amusement. Cicero, Plato, and in later days Erasmus, we know, were given to this species of intellectual relaxation, but it was reserved for our own day to summon single words as witnesses of the history, philosophy, morality and poetry of the ages which gave them birth. Much has been done in this direction, but much more remains yet unattempted. In little, familiar, unpretending words, especially, there lurk mighty secrets and mysteries ready to yield themselves at any time to the first patient investigator. That wicked phrase, "*The Deuse*," our modern euphemism for the Devil,—whence comes it? The universal opinion is that its origin is to be sought for in the Norse mythology; and even so eminent an authority as Sir E. Bulwer Lytton falls into the same error—deriving it from "*Dusius*," the Teuton fiend! Here, plainly, the blunder arises from a mere resemblance in the sound of the two words. But the *Deuse* does not belong to the family whose history runs back into the Northern legends of Odin and Thor, (as "*Old Nick*" is only a different spelling of "*Nock*," the Scandinavian sea-imp,) but it came into our language in company with *daemon* and others, from the classic land of Greece. It is well known to every scholar that, to the Greek mind, the sublimest of all conceptions was *unity*. Hence, no doubt, it is that Aristotle insists so strongly on dramatic unity. Now, although the religion of Hellas was Polytheism, and, paradoxical as it may appear, probably *just because* it was Polytheism—*oneness* was to the Greek all that is sublime, worth aspiring to, worth living for, worth dying for. The reader, if he wishes to find proof of what we acknowledge to be a somewhat novel assertion, we respectfully refer to the fragments of the *περὶ Φόβους* of the solemn, mystical, weeping Heraclitus, as collected and annotated by Schleiermacher, in Wolf and Buttman's *Museum der Alterthumswissenschaft* (passim). What though the grand first-principle of all the Universe—the mystic unity—was, as he thought, fire? It was *oneness* no less. This idea then, being so associated in the mind of the Greek, with every thing demanding his adoration and worship—nay, this idea being *itself* a thing to be worshipped: of necessity, at the opposite pole in his higher spiritual nature, was *duality*—an incubus; a thing to shudder at; a word suggestive of untold agonies like those of Oedipus. And here, as we promise in some future paper to prove, but as we now content ourselves with declaring, is the true secret of the hitherto unexplained indifference of the ancient Greeks to matrimony: marriage, we hardly need say, being on their parts contracted simply as a duty, and for civic reasons.

If any reader of *Magna* has had patience to follow us up to this point, to him it will be abundantly evident that far older than the breeze that played among the strings of Homer's lyre, inwoven subtly into the very intellectuality of Greece, there exists an antagonism most mysterious, yet not entirely inexplicable, between Unity and Duality; in short, between the Su-

pernal Oneness and the Infernal Twoness. Now, it happens that in the Greek language *δεύτερος* means *second*, (Hdt. 1, 79,) and that this is merely a kind of comparative of *δύο*, which latter is manifestly allied to the inseparable prefix *δυ-*—a syllable pregnant with all that is hateful and unlucky. It is, of course, the very opposite of the cheerful, auspicious *εὖ* (whence beyond doubt, the sublime idea of Unity,) and at once gives to us our expressive and malicious phrase the *Deuse*, or the *Devil!* We trust we have made ourselves sufficiently clear, and, with reference to the whole point, *de quo agitur*, we would not be understood as expressing or feeling contempt for those Philologists who are so easily deceived by mere sound, as to fancy and uphold a relation between "The Deuse" and "Dusius," a vulgar Teutonic fiend! losing sight altogether of its true parentage, and deaf to the tale it tells of the deep "inner entities" of a departed civilization."

We would like, well enough, to present this remarkable and original treatise in full, but for very obvious reasons we cannot. What have we next? Lo! an infant Epic, written, as its author assures us, *stans uno pede*, in exactly 9 3-4 minutes, on a wager. Having accomplished the feat within the required ten minutes, in the presence of four respectable witnesses, he won for himself—besides considerable credit—a new hat and an elegantly bound copy of "Miles Standish's Courtship." It chants the praises of

THE CLASS OF FIFTY-NINE.

Hail! Muse historic! by whose potent spell
 The minds' illumined worthy deeds to tell,
 Impart thy magic power to disclose
 Scenes undeveloped yet, in verse or prose.
 Let Clio's influence now descend,
 While Whigs and Clio's mutu'ly extend
 The hand of fellowship; let love still be
 The chief ingredient in our jubilee,
 On all occasions; knit our hearts in one,
 While modestly I sing, without a pun,
 Those needed praises, which most glorious shine
 Resplendent in the Class of Fifty-nine.
 Much has transpired in its brief career,
 Which strikes the fancy as most strangely queer,
 The like ne'er happ'ning in the world before,
 And, raven-like, foreboding "nevermore"
 Shall equal deeds, exploits, and fashions rare,
 Adorn the brave or unadorn the fair.
 Our course has been eventful, so much so
 That to give vent thereto I hardly know,
 Though not dogmatic, I may seem to some
 Quite categorical before I come
 To wind this dogg'rel up; (confound that *I*!
 So egotistic, yet I can't tell why

It comes so oft, unless the silly elf
Delights continually to talk of self.)
Hail, Muse! and so forth! now then for the story
Of which I spake, (oh! how I feel the glory
Of such a theme!) The Class of '59
Shall amaranths around their temples twine
Of fadeless beauty; fame shall yet convey
Their words and deeds, which never can decay,
To children yet unborn, *id est* their own,
And *they* to *theirs* shall never dare disown
Their father's glory. But to change the thought
To one with greater sense more deeply fraught:
Our class is famed for cuties, and cutest whims,
For cutting Tutes and C——s synonyms:
We've seen that *ποταμός* denotes a horse,
ιερός a river, and that famous Morse
(When taught by Henry) laid the noble plan
Of joining John and Brother Jonathan
In bands electric, so that each may tap
The pulse of Vic and that of Louis Nap,
When one becomes grandma, the other sore
And wearied in the diplomatic corps.
We know that in our day the hoops revived;
A great invention, surely well contrived
By some inventive Yankee,—and a pension
Should him reward for such a state of tension.
Sometimes we're joyful, and that's rather queer,
(The cause now don't ascribe to lager beer,)
But that's no harm, for unlike Peter Funk,
'Twill never bleed you, nor make fairly drunk,
But just prepare you for a glorious spree,
As shall with state of mind most near agree
To blow or drink a horn, (I care not which)
Of tin or ale. All's well—'till sudden twitch
Reminds that spies are out, that danger's near,
Mnemonic of paternal wrath and fear.
Then oft a deed canonical is planned,
Demanding quiet, vigor, steady hand
To achieve the work, to gain the noble prize:
For which, methinks, the world should canonize
The entire band that banded on that night
To stand together, heeding not the sight
Of frowning nature;—deeds like this show blood,
Though still obscured by darkness, rain and mud.
But *sat sufficit*, deeds like these demand
The master touches of a master's hand.

While handsome stories, painted by a clown,
 Receive no praise, though worthy of renown.
Ergo. I'll quit my tale—no praise comes from it:
 Though nightly now we see Donati's comet
 Unfolds a tail most glorious, wondrous fine ;
 He holds the right for his and I for mine,—
 But here's the difference; to the entire race
 He dares, presumptive, to disclose his face,
 While I, *incog.*, a thought or two commit
 To gentle readers of the Nassau Lit,
 Emited by the Class of '59,
 Thro' whose efforts Lits more than ever shine.
 Now, reader fair! if e'er you see this tale,
 Assail this class, and doubtless you'll prevail
 And get a husband; if you fairly try
 You're sure to win, if skilled in husbandry.
 The choice is varied—here's Tom, Dick and Harry—
 You cannot fail, if you're disposed to marry:
 So hurry up! long, short, thick, thin, await
 An introduction to the married state.
 Come, maidens, come! or, by that lovely bonnet,
 I'll end my tale, exhale, or scale the comet.

* * * We hope this peep into the secrets of an Editor's Table will amply satisfy your curiosity, most gentle reader. You have been behind the scenes as a visitor; may you be spared the fate of ever being there as an actor.

* * * We are informed, on the best authority, that a secret organization of the most dangerous character, has recently sprung into existence in our very midst. It rejoices—as it does in everything bad—in the name of *χ Z* (*χαλκεον Ζευγος?*) It is sufficient to warn the Faculty and College against its insidious tendencies. * * * The gladiatorial display that makes this month so memorable in the annals of the arena, did not fail to excite intense interest even in the cloistered shades of Nassau. And, we blush to record it, "Porter's Spirit" and the "N. Y. Clipper" are more attentively perused by our students than the chaste pages of Maga. We were actually told a few days ago, by a *fancy* Sophomore, that in *his* opinion, the "peelers" and "claret extractors" of Benicia Boy, exhibited more "*science*" than Morrissey's famous "*kidney wipers!*" * * * * But it is time to close this, the last leaf of our Table. Nothing remains but to express our hearty wish that the October number of the Literary may furnish its readers as much pleasure as its supervision did their

Very Obedient Servant,

THE EDITOR.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month during term time. Each number will contain forty-eight pages of original matter. Connected with it are four prizes of \$10 each for the best original essay. None but subscribers are allowed to compete for the prize. Every essay must have a fictitious signature, with the real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. They will then be submitted to a Committee selected from the Resident Graduates, who will decide on their respective merits.

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